

The boys gather in Arcadia's grand living room, the fireplace crackling warmly, casting a golden glow across the space. The Christmas tree, adorned with twinkling lights and ornaments, towers over a sea of brightly wrapped presents. The air is filled with the scent of pine and faint traces of eggnog from earlier festivities.

FELIP (*Standing, clapping his hands*): Alright, alright, listen up! Let's see who's left—

*Felip scans the room with mock exasperation. On the oversized L-shaped couch are Leo, Ethan, Dustin, Abel, Cain, Renzo, and Alex. Renzo sits with one leg crossed over the other, looking impeccably poised. Leo is glued to his Nintendo Switch, his fingers a blur. Dustin leans back, arms crossed, wearing his trademark indifferent expression. Felip arches an eyebrow, bemused by the modest turnout.*

FELIP: Really? Just you seven again?

DUSTIN: (*arms crossed, smirking*): Yeah, 'cause *you* made us stay.

CAIN: (*snorting*): Who throws a frat Christmas exchange on the 21st? The day *after* the rager? Everyone else has bailed for the holidays, mate.

ALEX: (*grumbling*): I swear, if I miss my train tomorrow because of this nonsense, someone's gonna pay.

RENZO: (*leaning back smugly*) Relax, Alex. Worst case, I'll have one of my family's helicopters take you home.

ALEX: (*rolling his eyes*): We get it, Renzo. You're rich.

RENZO: (*mock-offended*): Excuse me? Being posh is literally a requirement for this frat.

ABEL: (*grinning*): Posh lawyers with helicopters? What, do you deliver subpoenas by air?

RENZO: (*shrugging*): Efficient litigation, Abel.

FELIP: (*waving them down*): Alright, settle. No one's missing their train, their chopper ride, or their dignity. The only thing you'll miss is *me* when we're all home for break.

DUSTIN: (*deadpan*): The only ones missing you will be the sorority girls you keep leading on.

FELIP (*with a wink*): Can you blame them? I'm *irresistible*. They'll be missing a *lot* of me, for sure.

DUSTIN: Gross.

ETHAN: (*interjecting*): Cute. Can we start now, or is this just the "Felip show"?

FELIP (*grinning*): Fine, fine. Let's get serious.

RENZO: Let's get down to business.

ETHAN (*playful*): To defeat the Huns.

DUSTIN: That was so lame.

Felip strides over to Leo and snatches the Nintendo Switch from his hands.

LEO (panicking): Hey! What the—?! My farm! I didn't save yet!

FELIP: No games during the exchange. You were warned. (*He places the Switch precariously on the mantle above the fireplace.*)

LEO (*whimpering*): That's so mean.

*Leo's face falls as Felip places the console precariously on the mantle above the fireplace. Ethan drapes an arm around the despondent redhead, grinning.*

ETHAN: Don't worry, Leo. Your *pookie bear himbo* Alex will console you.

ALEX: I hate that name.

CAIN (*grinning*): Why so sensitive, Alex? You're literally named Alex.

ALEX: I hate that name... on that *character*! Leo's always playing that stupid game where he's married to an Alex. People think it's me!

FELIP: Oh, come on. You and Leo are practically married anyway after you gave him that SD Alex figure.

*Felip leans down, pinching Leo's cheeks with exaggerated affection, earning a blushing squeak from him.*

FELIP (*mock-serious*): Our little Leo—the perfect househusband. Maybe I should let Ethan take a bite out of you. Eat you all up!

LEO: Eat—what?!

ETHAN: He's got a point. Bet you taste sweet.

ABEL (*grinning wickedly*): I call dibs on the thighs.

CAIN: I'll take the other one. Not much meat, though.

Cain grabs Leo's leg, and Renzo joins in, patting Leo's chest, causing the smaller boy to flail.

LEO: H-HUH!?

RENZO: The best cuts are here. I'll take the chest.

ALEX: I'll settle for an arm.

*Alex grabs Leo's left arm, his smirk adding to the teasing. They all pile on Leo, who flails and stammers incoherently.*

LEO: WAIT! I—STOP!

FELIP: And *I'll* take his heart. All mine!

*Felip leans in dramatically, pretending to kiss Leo. The room erupts in laughter as Leo turns redder than Rudolph's nose.*

CAIN: You're all ridiculous.

DUSTIN: Pretty sure that's the frat motto.

CAIN: Felip's just a man-slut.

*Felip straightens, brushing off his shirt like nothing happened.*

FELIP: Can you blame me? Boys, girls—everyone's been after me since puberty. I just give the people what they want.

DUSTIN (*Rolling his eyes*) How about giving me what *I* want—this gift exchange over with.

RENZO: (*Muttering*) Seconded. My dad's going to lecture me about being late.

CAIN: Since when *hasn't* he made your life miserable?

ALEX: Renzo's a total daddy's boy.

RENZO: At least I *have* a dad.

ALEX: Yeah, a *disappointed* one.

CAIN (*cackling*): Oh fuck! Get him, Alex!

RENZO: EXCUSE ME?!

*Felip slaps a hand over Renzo's mouth as Ethan holds Alex back, laughing.*

DUSTIN (*Sighing*) Another year, another Christmas fight.

LEO: (*Timidly*) A-At least we've moved on f-from...e-eating me.

ABEL (*Grinning*): For now.

FELIP: Alright! Enough! Settle down, or you two will be on basement-cleaning duty come spring. Back to business. Gifts. Let's go.

*Felip grabs a gift from under the tree and hands it to Leo.*

FELIP: For you, Leo. From yours truly.

*Leo hesitates, his fingers trembling as he takes the present and carefully unwraps it. The others lean in expectantly, with Felip smirking smugly.* Leo gingerly pulls at the wrapping paper of Felip's gift, his face lighting up as he reveals a vibrant green onesie. The headpiece sports bulging cartoonish eyes and a wide grin—it's Tamama from Sergeant Keroro, his latest hyperfixation.

LEO (*clutching the onesie*): Oh... Dio mio... i-it's Tamama! It's so c-cute! Grazie, Felip. I I-love it!

FELIP (*smirking*): Obviously. Now you match with me—Sergeant Keroro himself. Together, we're an unstoppable duo of frog chaos.

*Cain smirks from the couch, swirling a glass of eggnog.*

CAIN: He's practically Santa Claus—doling out Keroro onesies to all the good boys. He gave me Giroro, naturally.

ALEX (*rolling his eyes*): Yeah, because why wouldn't I also get Giroro? What's the logic here, Felip? Am I Cain 2.0?

FELIP (*grinning*): No, darling, you're just as grumpy and unhinged as him. Birds of a feather.

*Abel leans over with a cheeky grin.*

ABEL: Better than being Gururu. At least Giroro has his dignity intact.

DUSTIN (*groaning*): Dignity? We've spent a month watching this frog garbage. My brain's practically ribbiting.

*Felip throws an arm around Leo, squeezing him playfully.*

FELIP: Don't be a grump, Dusty. Leo's choice was leagues better than Alex's Crash Landing on You.

ETHAN (*laughing*): Absolute facts. Never thought I'd see bad-boy Alex swooning over a K-drama.

ALEX (*huffing*): It's called *taste*, Ethan. Look it up.

RENZO (*with a sly smile*): "Taste," is it? Let's not confuse it with desperation.

*Felip claps his hands, redirecting the attention.*

FELIP: Right, speaking of desperate—let's pray the rest of this gift exchange doesn't end with bruised egos. Renzo, who's your unlucky victim?

*Renzo stands, smoothing out his expensive sweater with exaggerated flair.*

RENZO: Alex.

*Cain immediately bursts into laughter, leaning back like he's heard the joke of the century. Alex narrows his eyes at him.*

ALEX: Of course. Bloody marvelous. This day just keeps getting better.

RENZO (*snickering*): Relax. Try not to combust before unwrapping.

*Renzo retrieves a long, suspiciously light box from under the tree, presenting it to Alex with theatrical formality. Alex eyes it like it might explode.*

ALEX (*skeptical*): If this is one of your jokes, I swear...

*The others lean in as Alex carefully unwraps the box, only to reveal... bubble wrap. Lots of it.*

ALEX (*grumbling*): Oh, fantastic. You got me air. Revolutionary.

RENZO (*mock serious*): It's artisanal air, peasant. Keep unwrapping.

*Muttering curses under his breath, Alex pulls out layer after layer of bubble wrap, his patience wearing thin. Finally, he uncovers a tiny Tech Deck skateboard.*

ALEX (*holding it up, incredulous*): A TECH DECK!? Are you serious right now?

RENZO (*smirking*): Deadly serious. It's the perfect fit for someone with your... maturity.

*Alex lunges, but Cain casually leans over to grab his arm, stopping him.*

CAIN (*dryly*): Temper, temper. Save the violence for after dessert.

ALEX (*snapping*): I'll show him a bloody Christmas miracle, Cain!

*Renzo snickers, clearly enjoying himself, then retrieves a real skateboard from behind the couch. It's custom-built, with a navy blue deck and red accents. He hands it to Alex with a smug grin.*

RENZO: Relax. Here's your real gift. As usual, I exceeded all expectations.

*Alex inspects the board, his scowl softening despite himself.*

ALEX (*grudgingly*): ...Alright, not bad. But this doesn't mean I like you or the gift.

CAIN (*grinning*): If you don't, I'll take it off your hands. Don't mind being spoiled for once.

*Cain pretends to grab the board, and Alex hisses at him like a cornered cat. Felix dramatically throws up his hands.*

FELIP: Boys, boys, let's not turn my living room into a boxing ring.

*A sudden knock interrupts the chaos. The door creaks open, revealing Nick, Lionel, and Ken. Nick carries baby Adonis in a snug carrier strapped to his chest.*

FELIP (*beaming*): Well, look who dragged their tired asses off campus! Merry Christmas, boys. The boys from Libertas give Arcadia a visit. Isn't that a holiday treat?

NICK (*chuckling*): Just dropping off Christmas cookies. My wife insisted. She made it herself.

*Leo peeks out from behind Felip, waving with a small smile.*

LEO: H-Hi, Lionel...

LIONEL (*flatly*): No. Get out of my face.

*Ken chuckles as Renzo approaches Adonis, inspecting the baby with mock seriousness.*

RENZO: He's gotten... rounder. Like a proper little gremlin.

*Adonis giggles, then promptly spits on Renzo's hand. Renzo recoils in horror, wiping it furiously on Ken's sweater.*

RENZO: Oh, for God's sake! Disgusting!

KEN: Dude! What the fuck!? Why on my sweater!?

RENZO: I'm not getting spit on my sweater! It's cashmere!

*Cain and Alex double over with laughter.*

ALEX (*wheezing*): That's what you get, Renz! Karma!

CAIN: Adonis, you absolute legend. Next time, aim for the face.

**STOPPU! PART 2 ENDS HERE. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR PART 3. AND WHO IS KEN? WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO MEET THE SUPER SERIOUS, RAVEN HAired, STRAIGHT EDGED, NEEDS TO LEARN HOW TO RELAX FRAT BOY IN THE FUTURE!**

**Also, here's a picture of Kenny boi**

